LAST SPEECH
AND
DYING-WORDS
OF
Thomas (Lord, *alias* Colonel) *Pride*,
BEING
Touched in Conscience for his inhumane Murder of the BEARS in the *Bear-garden*, when he was High-Sheriff of *Surrey*;

Taken in Short-hand by T. S. late Clerk to his Lordships Brewhouse.

LONDON,
Printed for C. [illegible]

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LONDON:
Printed for C. W. 1680.

THE
Last Speech and Dying-words
OF
Thomas (Lord, *alias* Colonel) *Pride*.

My good Friends and Neighbours,

YOu are come (I thank you) to see me die, and let me request you to take my last Breath; I'll make no Set-speech; the Long-Parliament loaded you with those (so many Speeches, as if orderly burnt, would brew two hundred Quarters of Malt and had gate speaking still, if his late Highness had not bid me Un-house them. I spake none, neither in the Commons, nor in the Other House; and yet I must either now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold my peace.

My Conscience! 'tis my Conscience speaks; and the first thing that is upon my Spirits, is the killing of the Bears; for which the people bait me, and call me all the names in the Rain-bow. But did not *David* kill a Bear? Did not the Lord-Deputy *Ireton* kill a Bear? Did not another Lord of ours kill five Bears and five Fidlers? May Bears be kill'd in *Nottingham*, in *Leicester*, and not in *Surrey*? You know I was High-Sheriff of the County, and if I might not kill a few Bears, why was I made Sheriff? I thought it our interest to let nothing live that would fight; and therefore we made an Act against Cock-matches. Others have kill'd far greater things with less Commission. But perhaps they'll say I struck at the Prerogative; for Kings and Protectors have a priviledge, when they finde a good Mastive-dog, to clap their Collar upon him, and use him for the Game; and so if kill the Bears, hang the Dogs; no Bear, no Dog. But think you the Prerogative would reach to Bears? or that *Great Britain* were the Isle of Dogs? Are we like S. *Mallows*, guarded by Mastives? The *French* have ever made us their Apes, and must we follow their Dogs too? If an English Mastive get Whelps in *France*, they all prove Currs; (I wish our English Souldiers there may never turn *French*.)

Can we forget that horrid accident when Major-General *Skippon* came in a Horſe-litter wounded to *London?* when he paſs'd by the Brewhouſe near St. *John*'s ſtreet, a devilliſh Maſtive flew (as at a Bear) at one of his Horſes, and held him ſo faſt by the Stones, that the Horſe grew mad as a mad Dog: The Souldiers ſo amaz'd, that none had the wit to ſhoot the Maſtive; but the Horſe-litter, born between two Horſes, toſs'd the Major-General like a Dog in a Blanket. Thus your Dogs uſe Horſe and Man. And for Women, remember how *Swaſh* the abominable Maſtive took a Diſpenſation with an Elders Maid. Nay, not a Sow in the ſtreets by night, but the Watchmens Dogs ſteal privately to her; which makes your *London*-Pigs have ſuch round heads. And when I my ſelf had my firſt Brewhouſe (which was at *Pye-corner*) I heard a Pig bark, whereby I knew 'twas a City-Pig.

Here's a ſweet ſtir with Bears and Dogs, able to make a wiſe man mad: For, firſt they pretend to preſerve their Dogs, yet rail at me for ſhooting the Bears that kill thoſe Dogs; and then tax me for killing the Bears, yet ſet their Dogs to tear the Bears in pieces: Yes, and the man that ow'd the Bears, now ſues me for deſtroying his Goods.

But what the devil are Bears good for? They brag of a Weapon-ſalve made, forſooth, of the fat of Bears kill'd in the act of Generation (though Bears never generate but by night, when none can know it:) My Sword hath made ſome Wounds, let them anoint the blade of my Sword, and try how many Cavaliers 'twill cure. The Devil has a hand or a foot in this Salve, if it come from Bears: for you know the Beaſt with ſeven heads and ten horns had the foot of a Bear; whence people ſay a Bear has the Devils foot. You think I mean the Bear at the Bridge-foot (for God ſends Meat, and the Devil ſends Cooks;) I mean a Limb of the Devil: And is it a ſin to deſtroy the Devil? *George* was ſainted for killing a Dragon; (Saints of old, like honeſt *George*, us'd to kill Beaſts, but now Saints commonly kill men;) the Dragon and Bear are the Pictures of the ſame; for the Devil hath divers Sutes to put on: He wears not onely the Beaſt (a red Dragon, an Otter, a Bear) but a very Man, a Woman, in Silks, in Buff, in a long Mourning-cloke (to hide his Cloven-foot) and too often a Saint or Angel of new light; yet then ſo like as one Devil to another.

An Author of ours ſaid, the Beaſts ten Horns are the Kings of Europe;

Europe; which may be the reason why the Members that voted against a King, were so hot for Decimation: Those Members were not the major-part, but the Major-General part. I confess that Author wrote after the King was beheaded, when our Liberties stood committed to several Keepers; and yet I would know that Members name that would not be a King: Every creature (above and below) hath a Monarch in his Belly. The Devil would fain have been King of Heaven; and *Adam* scorned not to be King of the Earth; and each of his Sons would be King of all the rest. And (to speak my Conscience) if the State should vouchsafe to name me King, I think I should not question the Election; no, though it were (as I hear the *Persians* once chose a King) by the neighing of a Horse. But he that hath Horse may soon be a King, and therefore I love to save my Horse; but why, with a vengeance, should we save Bears, that feed upon Horse-flesh? My Physician says, that an old fellow, one *Pliny*, told him that a piece of Bears-flesh will grow bigger by boyling; which shews the Devil and his Dam is in Bears; for all things else will boyl away to nothing: Had all my Beer had a good sound boyling, I had not died worth a pound of Hops. Are these your Beasts of Game? I profess I hate gaming; there is an Act against it, though some of our own play deep as any; and the Gamesters made Dice of some of their Bones that made that Act: (O who can tell how a man is us'd when once he comes to be a dry Bone!) Something there is, that Dice run now more than ever, that so many new Curses follow these Bones. Perhaps the Bears came not within the Ring of the Act against Gaming, yet both Dog and Bear are within the Lists of the Act against Duels. And though they are out of the Act of Oblivion, yet some new Justices brought them within the Act for Marriages. 'Tis confess'd they fight, but not for us; they are no part of the Militia, and never paid so much as Pole-money. They never with Lions were admitted into the *Tower*, nor shew'd at *Westminster* among the fine sights, nor ever reckon'd among the Crown-Jewels. There were Propositions for bringing in Plate, Money, and Horse, but not for Bears: And yet now must *England* turn *Greenland*? The War has made it Red-land, and Funerals make it Black-land, and our Ministers make it Blue-land. But if I never answer for killing any thing but Bears, I shall do well enough.

Were I arraign'd, it could not be Murther, but Bear-slaughter:

may,

nay, I kill'd them in my own defence, for they would have kill'd me; which is more than can be said for putting many a thousand to death. O but they say I kill'd them not fairly, but shot them dead in cold bloud: And am I the first that did so? have we not done it over and over? I kill them as we kill'd *Lucas* and *Lisle*, two as brave men as the King had any. What, would they have me bait them to death? Do I look like a Bear-ward? or should I knock them in the head like an Ox? there is a Major-General can do that better than I. I remember one (now a great Lord) who speaking against *Strafford*, said, Beasts of Prey ought to have no Law; Shall we grant that to Bears, which we deny'd to *Strafford*? A Cavalier told me, that this was but a Quibble upon the word Law; for there is (said he) no Law for Beasts, but that a man may kill them for his use; and the more sudden and less pain, the better. And if a Hare or Stag have Law, that is, liberty to run, 'tis not for their, but for our sakes, to prolong our sport in their destruction.

However, that Quibble was seasonable then, and did our work upon *Strafford* and *Canterbury*; but mark how both sides plead for me! The one says, Beasts of Prey must have no Law; the other says, There is no Law for Beasts: So both say 'tis lawful for me to kill the Bears. No matter how; hang them, shoot them, chop off their heads, send them to *Jamaica*, any way is best. For can there be Beasts more malignant than Bears? I look'd but in my Almanack, and there I found two Dogs and two Bears among the Stars; and those, I dare say, are malignant Stars: for within two lines, the great Bear is call'd *Charles-wayn*.

By this you'll imagine Malignants are in Heaven; but we and they shall scarce meet in one place; for else 'twere madness in us to kill them, because thereby we send them to be happy: But they, as well as we, would fain live, and would have good Estates as they had before, and as we have now. 'Tis in our power whether they shall live, but not whether we our selves shall die; for though our Army be as strong to day as yesterday, yet our own Bodies draw near Death.

Behold it in me, and remember *Naseby*, which made us what we are; how the King's best men, when the Victory was theirs, took a bottomless fancy of running all away, having done the like at *Marston-Moor*. I have known six thousand (and no Cowards neither) flie all like Bedlams when no Enemy was within seven-

seventeen miles; and if they were all examined upon Oath, they could not tell why. And they say, that one poor wooden horse at *Troy*, did more than all our Army in the *Indies*. 'Tis certain, no Woman is so fickle as an Army. I speak not for my self, for 'tis well known I have done my part; sure I have kill'd better things than Bears, and kill'd them as men should be kill'd, either in the Field, or in a High-Court of Justice: the best Cavalier among them all (the King himself) judg'd to the Block; my Lord *Hewson* is my witness, for he sate next to me. Perhaps they think my Lord *Hewson* and I not fit to be Judges, because of our Trades; but let them shew me one Text of Scripture where Brewers and Shoomakers are forbidden to be Judges. I confess, in Juries of Life and Death, we except against a Butcher, as blouded in slaying of Sheep and Calves; but if he onely kill Bears and Men, he may be either a Juror or a Judge. I knew a Judge did use to mend Stockings (I spare his name, because he did a business for me) and 'tis as lawful to mend Shoes as Stockings: and if a Judge may be a Cobler, a Cobler may be a Judge.

As for me, 'tis true, I have born a Sling, which made a Knave call me Sir *Thomas Slingsby*; but I made the *Slingsby's* shorter for it by one, and that one shorter by the head; and had done as much for young *Mordant*, but that (having drank White-wine that morning) I stept forth to the Wall, and before I could return, *Mordant* was quit. Thus the life of man is but a pissing-while. But what if I have born a Sling? did not *David* so too? The difference is, he laid by his Sword and took up a Sling, and I laid by my Sling and took up a Sword.

Kings, Lords, and Gentlemen, take money for their Lands; others sow it, and sell the Corn to us; we advance it to good Beer and Ale, and then sell the Drink to those Kings, Lords, and Gentlemen: and thus the Cup goes round. They sell for money, and we sell for money; and if a Shilling had a tongue as well as a face, it would say, Sir, I am but Twelve pence, whether you meet me in the Brewhouse or in the Exchequer. 'Tis true, there are divers sorts of shillings; some are Brass, impudent Rogues, who when discover'd, are nail'd to a post; some are Lead, heavy dull beasts that will not go; others are right metal, but clipt, poor decimated things, that would go and cannot. But Brass is Brass, and Silver is Silver, at Court and at *Pye-corner*. I was as warm in my *Leather* Jacket as in my Scarlet-Cloak.

'Tis

'Tis strange what an eye-sore that Cloak was to some, as if the Garment it self could sin. Indeed we had a man that us'd to hang his Cloak in my Brewhouse (as Country-folk hang Wooll over Pails of water to make it weight,) and so though not he, yet his Cloak was a Drunkard. But Cloak and Jacket, I was the same man: I never deny'd, but still kept my Trade; (and if others had done so, a hundred thousand lives had been sav'd.) At last I got to be Brewer to the Navy, and if each man had drank like the Whale of *Greenwich*, I could have fill'd them all; for I had three Brewhouses, one at *London*, another at *Kingston*, and a third at *Edenburgh*. And why not I have three Brewhouses, as well as Assembly-men three Benefices? They were my Livelihood, as theirs were their Livings.

One of those fellows at *Margarets Westminster* (who had four Preferments given him by the State) would needs teach us how to live by a Word: You'll ask (said he) what Word is that? 'tis Faith; get Faith, and I'll undertake you may live Gentleman-like; but that Rascal brake his own word with me, and died twelve pound in my debt. I grant, he was the first that told me my Sirname came from a King of *Rome*, call'd (as I remember) *Turkquinius Superbus*; (there were seven of those Kings, but they are long since dead) and thence call me one of the seven deadly Sins; they may as well call me one of the seven Wisemen, or one of the seven Planets, or seven Wonders of the World. But if we credit such as he, 'tis a very hard thing not to be a King. They'll prove (if you'll pay them) that *Rhombus* and *Remus*, that founded *Rome*, were of English Extraction; (I know not whether we had the same Mother, but 'tis said many of us had the same Nurse;) but I never car'd three pence for their Praise: Therefore I pray ye vex not my Corpse with a huge Monument, which cannot protect it self, nor me; and many a man's Bones had slept in quiet, if his prating Tomb had not told where he lay.

And trouble not my Ghost with any of their Elegies Latine or English; they make a man but laught at, and are not worth a handful of Grains. I do not mean Mr. *George Withers*, for he got the Statue-Office by Rhyming; he hath now sold that Office, but when will he sell his Verses? A Statute lies upon them, so as nobody will buy them. 'Tis not a month since one of the States Poets brought me an Anagram for me and my Wife; but I hear those Anagrams should be all fetcht into a Court of Wards; for although

although they have not wit enough for Lunaticks, they are dull enough for Idiots. But now they'll all at me: What a heap of paltry Quibbles and Clenches will they throw upon me? You'll hear them cry, Now *Pride* hath a fall; --- Now there are but six deadly Sins. --- O Sir, are you there with your Bears? They but saw me stand holding my Crabtree-Cudgel upright, and they cry'd, Lo, there's the Bear and the Ragged-staff! How have they dragg'd my poor name, and set me back from *P.* to *B.* to make me born in *Bride*'s Church-porch? 'Tis false, and non-sence, to call me *Bride*, though my Wife was so when I led her to Church. I know they'll tell you of my Letter to a Friend, where (instead of my best Beer) I wrote I had sent my best Bear. But all Letters and Books are false; there's none of them honest, except the Bible. I have an Abridgement of an English Chronicle, which drowns the Duke of *Clarence* in a Rundlet of Malmsey; (the Duke might as soon be drown'd in a Thimble;) but perhaps 'tis a whole Tun in the Chronicle, for my book is but a Pitome. Hang Names and Words; Greek and Latine will not make an honest man; and a man may speak truth without true spelling.

I remember when I din'd with the *Florida* Embassadour at Alderman *Nowell*, where we had *Florence*-Wines, I told the Alderman that when that Embassadour got home to his Country he'd send us more of that *Florida*-Wine. They all smil'd, but what car'd I? 'twere not two pence to me if *Florida* were in *Italy*, and *Florence* in the *Indies*; they should remember I was a Brewer, not a Vintner.

But I am posting thither where there are no Quibbles, though I fear (in the weak condition I am now) I my self have been forc'd upon many; for dying men talk idly, and he that is sick and talks much, can hardly escape from Quibbles and Nonsence. And I hope you'll pardon my baiting your patience so long with the Bears: Consider, it was the great action of my Life, and the only thing (in the opinion of many) that would lie upon my Conscience. I confess I thought the lease of my life had not been expir'd; there is breath enough in the world, but I must have no more of it: for Death, Death is the grand Malignant, and a malignant Fevour is his Lieutenant-General, and (which is worse) the new Disease is his Major-General; a Disease which sweeps through all Counties of *England*. And though the Weekly-bills

of Mortality know not us who die in the Country, yet 'tis my comfort I die here in my own house at *Non-such*. 'Twas the Kings house, and Queen *Elizabeth* lov'd this above all her houses; and some say my Wife looks like that Queen, though the old Earl of *Manchester* was said to look like her; (that Queen might look like whom she pleas'd, for she by Proclamation forbad any to draw her Picture;) but I would not have my Wife like both her and him, and so make her a Maphrodite. She hath brought me divers Sons, and I leave them good Estates; (I hope I do) and would gladly leave a good Name to keep them company. The very Malignants say my Sons are civil persons; but should I live a thousand years, they would not say so of me. I think 'twould not trouble them to see me renew acquaintance with my Sling. But how many know ye, that (raised like me to Power and Command) have willingly returned to the place from whence they came?

They talk indeed of a Roman General who came from the plough (*Dick Tator* I think they call him) who having beat the Enemy, went home to the Country, rich, and renowned for a very wise man. And they say, if that pitiful Pilchard *Massanello* (who had a hundred thousand at his pleasure) had left his Command, he had not been rewarded with a Musquet-bullet, but had been honour'd with a Statue of Gold. 'Tis true, the Queen of *Sweden*, though born a King's Daughter, resign'd her Crown, and vows she never lived happy till now: But her Successour loves Kingdoms better than so, and will onely have as many as he can get.

He soon swallow'd *Poland*, and as soon disgorg'd it; and is now in *Denmark* holding two Forts (with two hard names) which stand like our *Gravesend* and *Tilbury*. And had he strength to take Ours too, I think in my Conscience he would make us all *Danes*. He has many designes, but all my designe is onely to save my Estate and my Soul.

Indeed heretofore I had some little Plots, but they did not all take: I thought to make the same Horses serve both for my Coach and Dray, but I found my Dray-horses were too high shod, and I might as well have harness'd the Bears. And yet I know what belongs to Horses; for I was the first brought Horses into *Paul's*: and those Horses brought Saddles; for a Saddler hath set up another Exchange there.

I was told *Epſome*-water might do me good; but I durſt not take it, having us'd the Vicar ſo very ſeverely, leſt the Pariſh-Prieſt ſhould unhallow the Well: and (to ſay truth) from my Youth I never us'd to drink Water.

My Youth minds me of the late Earl of *Pembrooke*; for when he lay dying (as I do now) I went to viſit him; and when they told him Colonel *Pride* was there (for then I was but Colonel) Who? who (ſaid he) *Pride?* Oh, a precious Youth! But what had he to do with my Youth? Had I ſuch ſtrength and health as in my Youth, I would not change with any Lord in *England*. I now die a Lord; and had I liv'd as long as that Earl, I might have been an Earl as well as he. And I die firſt of all the new Lords; whereby you'll ſee whether our Sons ſucceed us in the Peerage.

I would have no Barons War, though I fear a world of doubts will be rais'd about the Other Houſe. They'll put it to the queſtion, whether our Houſe be within the Act againſt New Buildings? and (if within the Act) whether as built upon a new foundation, or becauſe 'tis a Cottage? Then (after the Foundation) have at the Roof; Whether it be tyled or thatcht? (I do not mean by *Wat Tyler* or *Jack Straw*) Whether it be the upper Houſe, or a Garret, where old Shoes, old Casks, and ſuch Lumber is plac'd? Whether this High-Court be a Court of War where none ſit but Officers? With a hundred ſuch Queſtions, too many for a dying man to remember. And truly I my ſelf have been much puzzled with the Other Houſe; for the Commons is one Houſe, and ours is the Other; and ours is one Houſe, and the Commons is the other. And I would fain know how I ſhould know one Houſe from the other?

If I ſend my Man to my Brewhouſe, he'll ask if I mean to *London?* No (ſay I) but to my other Houſe; then goes he to *Kingſton*: When he returns, I ſend him to my other Houſe; then goes he to *London*: And when he comes back, I bid him not go to *Kingſton* nor *London*, but to the other Houſe; and then muſt he march to *Edenburgh*.

Thus a man muſt run through two Nations ere he can finde this Other Houſe: For this is the Other, and that is the Other, and all are the Other Houſe; though ſure our Houſe of Peers is ſuch, as there cannot be ſuch another Houſe.

I hope 'tis no offence in me, to compare the House of Lords to a Brewhouse; for I am of both Houses: I know how men are at work in both, and what great Heats are often in both, and how in both they all work for one man, yet every man for himself; with twenty more things wherein the two Houses agree.

The difference is, that we took the Engagement against a House of Lords, but not against a Brewhouse; but that was meant of the old House of Peers, not the new; and a new House is worth two old ones: for the State hath a whole years Rent of a new House, if it stand within ten miles of *London*.

But, alas! (my good Friends) I am now going to the Lower House, whither we all must go sooner or later; and the best and greatest Lord of us all had rather go to the other House, than to the other World: for no Brewhouse is there, but a great Oven that will never be cold. Therefore take heed; for as we Brew, so must we bake.

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